DAGON's Fall:

Or the

KNIGHT

Turn'd out of

COMMISSION.

On Sr William Waller. Printed. 12. Aprill. 1680.

GOod God! what means this sudden Alteration!
The Fop that has so long disturb'd the Nation,
By's Pride, and Pomp, and Pow'r, is now *Turn'd out*,
And hardly pity'd by the silly Rout.
He was as Stout, and lofty as old *Hector*,
Usurp'd the Power of our damn'd Protector;
As fierce and Cruel as a Tyger's whelp,
He wanted neither strength, nor art, nor help
To do and undo; he was grown so great,
That the Creation was amaz'd to see't.
He had his Coach and Horses, Footmen too,
And into th' City rode, to make a shew;
But little thought when drawn by *W*——
His fatal downfal it had been so near.
To put a Sword into a Madmans hand,
It may make Bloody work within the Land.
Papists and Protestants were all alike,
Both sent to lodge with *Church* and thin-jaw'd *Dyke*.
No Day scarce pass'd without some mischief done,
Into all Companies the Fool did run.
The Goaler sure gave him a snack of Fees,
For Prisoners flock'd ev'n like a Swarm of Bees.
Here ten were sent him for a Popish Plot,
There two more for to please a Buggering Sot.
Then a new Plot is feign'd, and more secur'd,
'Uds flesh, my Friends, this cannot be endur'd!
Printers, Apprentices, and many more,
In all, I do believe near twice two score.
They are all Plotters, yet by *Jove* not one,
Can tell you what was said, or what was done.

The *Gatehouſe* is become a *Babel* now,
Confuſions came upon us none knew how.
But he that wrought the miſchief now is found,
'Twill puzzle any man to prove him ſound.
He's rotten at the heart i'le lay my life,
No wonder he begot us all this ſtrife.
Well, now the cauſe is gone, the effect will ceaſe,
I hope we ſhall enjoy our former peace.
This little Leaven leaven'd the whole lump,
And made us fear another ſawcy *Rump*.
He ſtudy'd out new Plots, and for what ends?
Only to pleaſe his *Prerbyterian* friends.
Ah but my Friend, thou thy laſt Dice haſt thrown,
For which the *Presbyters* begin to groan,
Thy buſie active Soul (I do not jeſt)
Had lately ſent it a *Quietus eſt*.
And that which doth thy grief and ſorrow double,
Thou art not Rich for all thy needleſs trouble.
Soul take thine eaſe, thou very well mai'ſt ſing,
For thou haſt got a Writ of eaſe from th' King:
Thou haſt much Goods laid up for many years,
Sing that and I will give thee both my Ears.
Leave but the Factious out, go through the City,
Thou wilt not find a Man enclin'd to pity.
Hang him cries one, he was a buſie *Knave*,
He ſhe'wd no mercy, nor he none ſhall have.
Miſchief was all his aim, and his deſign,
When he brought *Hickey* to a glaſs of Wine.
The miſchief which ſoeagerly he ſought
For others, he himſelf too dearly bought:
But I am almoſt weary of my Rhimes,
For I conſider theſe are Trayterous times.
Had but this buſie Fool his late Commiſſion,
This wou'd have coſt me a devout Submiſſion;
I had been ſurely ſent to Goal for Treaſon
As *Thompſon* was, and had a greater reaſon:
But God be thanked curſt-Cows have ſhort Horns,
He muſt and ſhall endure our Flouts and Scorns.
We may go boldly on, and fear no fall;
No painted Staff will anſwer at his call.
Now he is down, down with him, now 's the Seaſon;
For if he riſe he'l Goal us all for *TREASON*.

FINIS.